

TOI KE

Now with 69% more testosterone!

Optimus Prime's sexy ability
to transform into a girl?!
Details inside.



The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Undergraduate Student Newspaper Since 1911

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COLOPHON

So, what did the Toike say when it walked into the bar? "Ouch". Bahh dum PISH! The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. The body copy is set in Georgia. True story.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring tha pain. Sucka.

SKULE™



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
students'administrativecouncil

EDITORIAL

I've made a terrible mistake...

Ah men... Try as we might, there's just no understanding them. Even if you delude yourself into thinking you do, you really don't.

Since the past couple of issues have been fairly female-oriented, we decided to try our hand at a manly issue. We rolled up our sleeves and tried thinking like men. This didn't work out well. Talking about feelings and smelling nice kept getting in the way. Lucky for us, most of our regular contributors are male. After meeting a couple of them for their opinions, they had this to say:

Names have been changed so my staff won't revolt against me.

Stan: Yeah! Man issue!
Eddie: There will be naked ladies, right?
Larry: I want to write about erectile dysfunction!
S: What's the cover?
E: They don't have to be naked. They

just have to be hot.

Ivan: Dude, you're the only one that wants to write about erectile dysfunction.

L: It's not like I would know or anything.

Me: You don't have to lie, Larry. We're all friends here.

L: No, it's true. I know nothing about ED.

E: What's ED?

I: Erectile dysfunction.

E: Oh yeah...

S: What's the cover?

E: Can the cover be a naked lady? A hot naked lady? Who'll... do stuff for me?

Me: Ed, stop talking. We're still thinking of a cover. Like some chick on a car. With a beer. And a cigar. And a gun. You know, manly stuff.

S: Yeah, that sounds good. Who are we going to get?

Me: I don't know. It's hard finding a girl. Ed, you'd know all about that.

I: Oh, burn!

E: Maybe I wouldn't if you guys didn't

write "Give up, virgin!" on my bath-

room mirror every morning.

S: How'd you know it was us?

E: I see you write it every morning! Then you give a thumbs up to whoever's outside the window.

Me: It doesn't matter who wrote what. Does anyone have anything else to add?

L: I don't have erectile dysfunction.

Me: Ok.

I: Maybe we should ask your girlfriend!

E: I don't have a girlfriend.

Me: Right.

S: We all know you don't have a girlfriend, Ed. Hence the mirror.

L: My penis is fine. Really.

Me: Um, do you guys even remember why we're here?

I: I remember something involving pizza.

Me: That was the Cannon meeting.

I: Oh.

- Mei Ling Chen
Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Anonymous
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 5, 2005 3:13 PM
Subject: Dear Toike

Dear Toike,
Babies are so cute. Where do they come from?
Anonymous

*Your mom. Oh SNAP!
It's true too.*

From: Krista A. Phillips
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 3, 2005 9:39 PM
Subject: Thanks

Hadn't seen a Toike Oike since my U of T days back in the 70's until last week when I picked up October edition at the AC. Laughed for hours. Just wanted to say congratulations to current students and staff for upkeeping a longstanding tradition of humor and wit. I'm an old lady now, but still game for a good chuckle. WARNING: Enjoy your time at U of T. Chances are slim that you will encounter an equivalent sample of intellectually talented students elsewhere in Ontario.

K.Phillips

Thanks. It's always good to hear that after so many years we can still make

you laugh.

From: Sidney Cheung
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 1, 2005 4:17 PM
Subject: To the editor of the Toike Oike

Hello,
I take issue with a statement in an article in a recent edition of your paper ("Pandemonium at Monty Python"), which furthers the notion that "Monty Python fans are immense nerds that won't get any". This is a complete falsehood, and I am deeply disappointed in its perpetration by the Toike. I am a Monty Python fan, and I have "got some" on repeated occasions, due in large part (no pun intended) to the fact that I have a large penis. If you wish for proof and further information about my gigantic penis, please contact me at 416 977 0707 ext. 7624. I offer private showings at \$5 per head. Sincerely,
Sidney Cheung

I have 65 people lined up already. Let's do this.

From: Garbonzo Beans
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 2, 2005 1:13 AM
Subject: !!!!!?

Why are phasors nothing like what everyone thought from Star Trek?

From: Garbonzo Beans
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 2, 2005 1:14 AM
Subject: comments

I not like your Novebmer edition of Toike. It is a racist and I am offended. Change it now!

From: Garbonzo Beans
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Nov 2, 2005 1:19 AM
Subject: it's smee gain!

I want to help write for the Toike, but I'm too shy. I'm afraid everyone will think I'm a weirdo to write something in the Toike because it's hard to believe the Toike creators are anything but sane. Can we write secret articles and send them in to the Toike anonymously? Did i spell that right?

Yes.
And Yes.
Please leave me alone now...

TOIKE@SKULE.CA

WRITE FOR THE TOIKE OIKE!

IT'LL BE AWESOME!
ALSO, PEOPLE WILL LIKE YOU.

QUESTIONS?? EMAIL TOIKE@SKULE.CA

NEWS BRIEFS

MARTIN SELLS CANADA'S WATER TO DASANI

Prime Minister Martin announced this week that he has sold Canada's entire freshwater supply to Dasani for \$32 billion US. When asked why, Martin replied, "With pollution going the way it is, I figure we gotta sell the stuff before it gets any dirtier than it already is." Martin plans to use the funds to finance a sponsorship program for Canadian archery equipment in Finland. Says Martin, "The archery sector of the Canadian economy has been in a slump for years now. Plus, my cousin Lloyd tells me that his Finnish landlord Sven loves archery. Put two and two together folks. I wasn't made Minister of financial yadda yadda just because I look good."

KANYE WEST SELLIN' KANYE VESTS

Rap-star Kanye West announced last week that he plans to begin his very own clothing line to be called Xprezzionz. Asked as to how his line will differ, Kanye replied, "Years of cognitive research have proven market trends materialize primarily within the suburban demographic. Our corporation plans to exploit this trend, undersell our competitors, and post path first quarter earnings. PEACE."

PHD IN ROSI ACCOUNTS AWARDED

Academic history was made yesterday when a student was awarded a PhD in ROSI student financial accounts. PhDs are normally awarded for new and inventive work, a piece of research that has not been done before. An academic council agreed that understanding the ROSI student accounts system had certainly never been done before, and has advanced human knowledge of a system thought undecipherable.

"This is remarkable achievement," declared the students supervisor, economics Professor Shaun Methemunny. "After years of watching people analyze simple systems like the stock market or global weather patterns, finally a U of T student has cracked a truly complex structure and revealed the deeply hidden order within. This work can look forward to a publication in a large number of journals, everything from Science and Nature to The American Journal of Utterly Ridiculously User Unfriendly Systems!"

U of T student financial services responded with the following statement. "Oh, he thinks he's clever, does he? Right, we're redesigning the system. You think it was complicated before, you haven't seen ANYTHING yet, you bastards."

ENRON'S NEW CEO: ITALIAN ANARCHIST

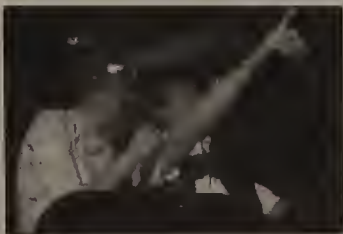
The Board of Shareholders at the disgraced corporate giant Enron announced last week that they are posting bail for the little-known Italian anarchist "Francisco Botticelli". He will be released from police custody in Italy so that he can be flown to New York to assume command as their new CEO. Botticelli is currently being held in Naples County lockup for attacking a second-cousin of the King of Luxembourg with a pen knife. Although not fatal, the attack caused irreparable damage to the Duke's royal windbreaker. Unlike prior CEOs, Botticelli does not list an MBA. In fact, he never graduated grade 8. Said Botticelli enthusiastically from his cell, "Annegherò il porco di capalist nel loro proprio sangue."

Sitting Through A Chick Flick

NO PUNS WERE INTENDED OR HARMED IN THE WRITING OF THIS ARTICLE.

If you have been following any of my advice from the last two articles, you should find yourself in the arms of a hot artsie who is willing to forgive your many shortcomings and peculiarities.

The next step involves going out. And going out with artsies involves chick



flicks. And chick flicks and engineers are traditionally a dangerous mix. And now you go on to the next paragraph.

It is common male knowledge that *Full Metal Jacket*, *Conan the Barbarian*, and *I Remember Cee* are the three greatest movies ever made.

It is also common male knowledge that wasted reels of celluloid like *Mona Lisa Smile*, *Love Actually*, and the lat-

est incarnation of the chick flick genre, *In Her Shoes*, are polar opposites to a good movie.

But something's gotta give, whether it be your pride, movie buff dignity, smug sense of self-satisfaction, or the artsie you're with. Alas, feelings prevail over iron logic and you are bound to waver momentarily at the box office before the words escape your mouth: "Two for Prime, please."

You have just passed the point of no return, and depending on what you do, the next two hours can be the least or the most enjoyable and memorable ones in your life.

As you strut confidently into the theater, your date's hand in yours, glance discreetly at your watch. It's twenty one hundred hours. The count-

down begins now, in military time.

2105: While the consumerist drones around you stare slack-jawed at the cars, movies, and corporate products advertised, what you occupy yourself with is your call: check your ECF email on your cell, make fun of the said drones with your date. Just don't conform: it's a sure sign of diminished testicular fortitude!

2130: Don't you dare get sucked into that story! You might be able to trace a function, but you'll never trace the reason for her to leave him when her mother showed her a picture of him with her in that restaurant they used to go to... and then they got it on in her apartment, except it's all in words, sounds and just out of camera's view.

2200: You're smack dab in the middle of the action, and by action I mean a calm conversation between a main and a secondary character, so stay strong! On the plus side, be thankful that Peter Jackson isn't making romantic dramas, or you'd only be a quarter through.

2205: Alright, if you really need a breath of fresh, emotion-free air, ask her if she wants you to get her anything (if she's feeling sarcastic, you'll hear: "Six more inches!" ZING!).

Still, you'll seem like a real gent and you'll get to miss the awful heartfelt reunion between the long-lost identical cousins during the Antebellum Period in some southern state, with magnolias in full bloom and everyone crying, perhaps due to allergies.

2215: You should probably go back now.

2220: What? You're not back in the theater? Dude, come on, you have, like, half an hour to go! And the endings are always make-out-friendly!

2225: If you're not back by now, make

up an excuse like "Babe, I gotta tell ya, I got jumped by like, five, umm, ninjas. I totally demolished them with my nun chuck skills, but then I had to wash their blood from my shirt so I'd look good for you... and I bought you flowers."

2300: This is it, like graduation, like deriving something, anything from first principles. Go for it: arm goes around her shoulder, you lean to the side, look into her eyes (this part is critical), and...

2301: How could you not remember which side your date sat on? How could you lean over to the wrong side? More importantly, how do you get yourself out of the mess you're in now?

2302: Easy. Just say you were stretching. But not in a way that implies you were bored. Better yet, limit your conversation to something more appropriate, something along the lines of "whispering sweet nothings into her ear".

2305: Considering the close shave you just had, it would be wise for you not to push your luck. Wave goodbye, call her as soon as you remember, and hope that someday, somehow, all romantic dramas will be required by law to contain at least one gun fight, car chase, or slow motion martial arts sequence.

- Ed Viirgöson

Jaywalkers sure to be a hit Germany Rolls Into France ...Again

The creator of popular reality television programs, such as *Survivor* and *The Apprentice*, has now announced an all new program: that he's sure will be a smash hit.

Burnett declares the show entitled *Jaywalkers* is set in Toronto and primarily on the U of T campus. When asked why he chose U of T, he began to reminisce: "After a business trip I took to Toronto, I was driving down St George Street to give a guest lecture at Sidney Smith hall, when it struck me - a student. Or which I struck it? Anyway, someone decided to endanger their life to cross the street and I thought that would make a great show. The passion these individuals have for crossing the street really puts a modern twist on the old 'Why did the chicken cross the road' joke."

The show consists of contestants who participate in a timed scavenger hunt around the city and campus. Each prize is on a different side of a heavily trafficked street; the value of the prize depending on the amount of traffic.

People who risk their lives to cross a street will always be one of those great

mysteries in life - like communism... and flowers. *Jaywalkers* will not only entertain but will also delve into the human condition and explore this aspect of irrational motivation.

One contestant generously stepped aside from filming to give us his thoughts: "Oh man this is intense... Unfortunately he didn't step far enough aside and was hit by a cab."

Also in production is a celebrity *Jaywalkers* where beautiful famous people risk not only their lives, but their livelihoods as well.

Conan O'Brian also joined the roster and credits his red hair for alerting drivers well in advance of his intention to cross. Lindsay Lohan was baffled when that technique didn't work for her as she noticed that drivers would actually speed up in her presence.

This live action version of Frogger leaps to Fox next September and is sure to be a hit...and run.

- Daniel Roth

After weeks of rioting, calm has returned to France. Paris was once again quiet yesterday as units of the German armed forces rolled across the border.

With rioters torching cars and throwing rocks at police, the German people could not take it anymore. "We Germans crave order, and when another country is plunged into chaos, it is intolerable," said German Minister of the Interior Werner Henckelmann. "It is our duty in this situation to step in and do something."

That something was to mobilize the German army and air force and send them across the Rhine. Divisions of tanks and infantry could be seen driving across the countryside, covered by fighters and dive bombers. Referred to as the 'good old way' by many in the military, German troops were able to reach the outskirts of Paris in a scant thirty-five minutes. Soon after arriving the German flag could be seen waving from the Eiffel tower.

Col. Karl Schultz, the officer raising the flag, remarked, "This is a day of pride for the German fatherland. We have made it to Paris efficiently and without delay. We even beat our old record."

When questioned why they raised the German flag over France, an officer replied, "We didn't really realize it at

the time. When you've invaded and conquered France as many times as we have, it just comes naturally to you."

Changes were quick once the Germans had arrived. Troops could be seen patrolling on street corners, and blanket curfews were imposed across the country. "The French had the right idea with the curfews, but they didn't implement them correctly. They did not realize that the proper way to deal with those breaking curfew is to shoot them," commented Berlin Chief-of-Police, Erik Hanz.

The results of the German measures can already be seen. While rioting has taken a dive down to almost nothing, there has been a notable rise in fatalities from police action. "What do you want from us?" asked a German soldier. "We Germans learned long ago that you cannot make an omelet without breaking a few eggs."

Of note is the fact that several divisions of the German army have gone a different route than the rest. They have taken a longer path to get to France, going through Belgium. When asked why they felt it necessary to go through Belgium on their way to France, a German commander just replied, "It's for their own good."

- Alex Shenkin

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I have claws, bitch.

Vote Lobster

Photo by the Lobster Party

Christmas Hate-Shopping Guide

Christmas shopping – we all hate it. It is a source of immense frustration to find the perfect gift to get across the contempt and loathing you feel for a person. But fear not, in this guide we will show you the perfect Christmas gifts for people you hate, and that also show off your class and ingenuity.

A gift certificate for a facial reconstructive surgery clinic. Sure, you could always just send a card that says "You so ugly, people break into your house to pull the blinds down," but to really make an impact you'll have to put a bit more effort in. Showing that you'd spend thousands of dollars just so you wouldn't have to put up with their hideous mug will get your

point across.

A watch that shows the wrong time – sometimes: A watch that shows the wrong time all the time is pathetic by insult-gift standards. True deviousness demands a technological marvel such as this – a watch that can sense the presence of other timepieces, and that shows the correct time when in their vicinity – but when on its own, is off just by a few minutes. Drive the poor owner insane, as they are always late even though their watch is always on time.

Extremely addictive drugs: What better way to insult someone than to ruin their life? Just introduce them to the magic of smack, and watch them waste away into anaemic criminals! Works great on onerous bosses – rejoice in their professional collapse, and get promoted at the same time.

STDs: For that personal touch, nothing beats herpes. A promise of one special night will turn into a lifetime of anguish – it's the gift that keeps on giving.

– Praveer Sharma



Eat This!

A GUIDE TO MANLY MEALTIME

Do your meals ever leave you feeling like a wimp? Salad got you feeling emasculated? You're not alone. Lots of men wish that their meals were as tough and masculine as they are. Face it though, eating steaks for breakfast, lunch, and dinner can get pretty costly. So for those of you who don't have cash to blow on T-bones every day, here are some tips for adding a little Y-chromosome to your food.

Hot sauce – This stuff goes great on all kinds of food, be it meat, vegetables, or even ice cream. Nothing says "manly" quite like intense burning pain in your mouth. Hot sauce is also easy to bring with you to restaurants, making it simple to turn that boring deli sandwich into a true "MAN-wich."

Bacon – I don't mean those little pancy bacon bits you find in Caesar salad. Oh no, I mean thick, crisp slices of freshly-cooked bacon. Nothing makes a sandwich, burger, salad, parfait, or pie more

masculine than a few greasy slices of bacon. If the fat is still bubbling away, all the better: a meal doesn't reach peak manliness unless you get hurt while eating it.

Beer – An ice-cold can of beer is a real man's drink, so consider having one along with your meal if you can't find anything to add directly to your food. While your meal may be weak and boring, beer will make it seem exciting and make you feel powerful and important. Enough beer will also make you hippy, vegan waitress look like a supermodel. But that's a different story.

Jalapenos – Like hot sauce, but with a bit more texture, jalapenos will make you feel like more of a man by scorching the inside of your mouth. Hot peppers allow for a variety of spiciness, so your food will make you feel anywhere between "greasy, cranky auto-mechanic" and "pro-wrestler with a sledge hammer."

Hickory smoke – You know how burger joints will advertise a new burger with "two strips of hickory-smoked bacon?" Makes the burger more appealing, doesn't it? Adding hickory smoke to your food might not change the taste too much, but if you tell people your food has hickory-smoked flavour, there'll be no denying your manliness.

Genetically-engineered lettuce – While this stuff might seem like regular, boring, wussy lettuce, this leafy vegetable has been modified to contain small amounts of testosterone, so it actually makes you more of a man as you eat it. Just think, you could eat an entire salad and feel like more of a man than ever. Side effects may include aggressiveness, an increase in body hair, and spontaneous heart implosion. But hey, that's pretty manly, isn't it?

– Sean Hockin

Research urges druggies to wisen up

Global pandemics are not funny. Due to overuse of antibiotics bacteria are getting stronger and more resistant to our best medicines. When medicinal penicillin was discovered in 1939, it could cure many bacterial infections – including staphylococcus, gonorrhea, syphilis and venereal disease.

Unfortunately, doctors prescribed penicillin too frequently, for too many illnesses. One of the most notable excesses was the prescription by Dr. Charles Oxfordwellingtonham of 4 grams and a penny-weight of penicillin to rid a local haberdasher of an infestation of cockney school boys in 1941. The haberdashery was subsequently destroyed 3 hours later in a Nazi bombing raid, and it is unknown whether the penicillin had the desired effect. However, the result of this and other cases of overuse was the development of antibiotic-resistant bacterial "superbugs," and an even more uncouth strain of cockney school boy. While more potent antibiotics were subsequently discovered, bacterial strains continue to

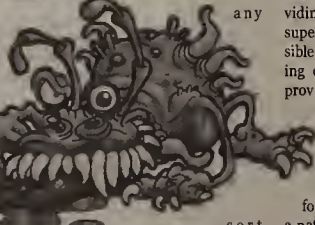
evolve and even occasionally offer to "freshen your drink, guv'nor".

Today more than ever we live in a society dependent on medication. The germ war has led to bacteria infesting our hospitals which are virtually immune to

useful they become.

The issue is more widespread than bacteria and viruses. Rampant overuse of Viagra and Cialis has lead to a pandemic of drug-resistant flaccidococcus infecting middle-aged men. Medication and Victoria's Secrets are only providing temporary fixes, as curing the super-evolved strain is proving impossible. Dedicatiuskeenerus are infesting engineering faculties everywhere, proving immune the time-honoured cure of ethanol.

It is time to take action for responsible use of medication. Every time a drug is prescribed for a minor ailment simply to stop a patient from pestering a doctor, the diseases out there get one more chance to beat that drug. I don't want to be around when a Ritalin-resistant strain of attention deficit hyperactivity disorder starts spreading through our schools. I hear you can get it from toilet seats.



sort of antibiotics. Similar battles are being fought against viral, fungal, and vegetable infections. Once penis-illin was the glorious hope in an anti-viral front, but now appears to be a misinformation campaign lead by clandestine pro-HIV operatives. The long and the short of it is the more often we use these medications, the less

Job Posting: Keener Coach

Many of us are familiar with the university "keeners" that punctuate U of T lecture halls with a unique zest for learning. They're the front row-clinging, textbook-hugging, lesson-questioning, and professor-loving underbelly of any magnificently dull lecture. Most students frown upon these curious individuals without questioning why they aren't accepted by the student community.

Historians tell us that many customs and practices are not acknowledged by society until they're incorporated into the entertainment industry. Random crowd-oriented violence, for example, lost enthusiasm after the end of gladiatorial conflict but picked up again with the creation of the NHL. Offending one-third of the student body of a major university was taboo before the creation of the Toke. Everyday life used to be rather boring, much less exciting, and then reality TV shows hit the scene.

Keeners will be cherished and revered, then, if only we could force encourage them to compete in a number of Xtreme sports. The Toke is looking for a sports enthusiast to coach university keeners in the following fields:

Keener Jeopardy
A fitting competition: just like in real jeopardy, we already know the answers

to the questions keeners ask. This event will add excitement to even the most brain-decaying moments in lectures. This has been tested in a computer science class:

"Every time we execute the loop – Yes?"

"Um... can I use my name for one of the variables?"

"400 POINTS! Continuing..."
Minimal training is necessary, since they're just asking the same stupid questions in a more exciting environment.

Fear Factorial

This event will require keeners to put their will, self-consciousness, and dignity on the line, competing in unfathomable events. In round one, the qualifier, keeners will need to eat their favourite textbook completely in one hour. Round two will involve making three genuinely snide comments to the Prof during a lecture while reclining in severely baggy pants at the back of the room. In the finals, they'll acknowledge the existence of the outside world.

An intense training program is necessary for this event, as Keeners will need to learn to break away from everything they have learned, loved, misconceived, misconstrued, misrepresented, misheard, and Mississauga.

The Wide (AM/FM) Receiver Challenge

Here, keeners play a sport that is very close to football but altered in some criminally twisted ways. Essentially, they will sprint down the lecture hall aisle and cut in at the first row. A quarterback from the Varsity Blues will hurl a textbook across the room, which they will need to catch to complete the challenge. Textbooks will range from the bruise-causing to the concussion-inducing varieties. The other twist, for entertainment purposes, will be that instead of having varsity linebackers try to tackle the keeners, live cougars will be used.

Training is optional. The less prepared competitors are, the more chaotic and hilarious the event will become. Note the irony of unprepared keeners.

If you feel you qualify for this job and have a severe disrespect for the safety of others, the Toke Oike is looking for a coach like you.

Note: no cougars, quarterbacks, profs, or Mississaugans were harmed in the making of this article. Some keeners were.

– Evan Jones

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Books for Men

By GUY McMAHON

The latest batch of books to hit the shelves is hotter than ever, and it's my pleasure to bring them to your attention. Many of these page turners will have you hooked from the moment you start reading the blurb on the back cover to the moment you finish reading the blurb on the back cover. I mean, let's face it: these are books. Unless you are unfortunate enough not to have a TV in front of your toilet, there are better things to do than flip pages and pretend to be interested in the contents — unless you are trying to fool some chick into thinking you're an intellectual. I hear some chicks dig that sort of thing. However, writing this shit keeps me in beer money, so let's do it.

Why Feelings Suck

by Eamon Paine

Man what a good read. The title speaks for itself, and the quality of the back cover is excellent. To quote from the author: "...men solve problems by bashing, breaking, and on occasion killing things. To allow emotions to run your life is to allow a chance for judgment and reason. (aka "wussiness") to prevent you from bashing, breaking, and on occasion killing things" (back cover of book). My sentiments exactly. Happiness is a full beer, not something you discuss with your wimpy friends. Take the book's message to heart: "...feeling bad means you are a sissy — and some body will beat you up because of it. If something bad happens to you, don't resign to calling it "tough luck" — there's no such thing. Instead, take your frustrations out on someone smaller than you. If you're not strong enough then I guess you're a sissy — tough luck" (back cover of book). After you've finished reading the back, the tough hard cover will make for an excellent coaster.

A Man's Guide to Girlfriends

by Allen DuPalone

A sombre read, giving great insight to some of life's greatest mysteries, exactly what we've come to expect from DuPalone. This is one book you should read through — only because it's a mere 10 pages and every other page is a nudie pic. If you've ever been asked troubling questions by the opposite sex — correction — if you've ever listened to the troubling questions the opposite sex asked you (there's your first mistake), then you need this guide. Such classics as "does this dress make me look fat?" (answer: "not when the lights are off") and "what did you think of my parents?" (answer: "you have your mother's eyes, and your father's mustache") are all taken in stride. Finally you can learn why she likes it when you forget your anniversary, and why it's a good idea to take her to a strip bar. It's no secret that women are complicated creatures — that's why it takes a full 10-page book to explain them.

A Man's Guide to Wives

by Allen DuPalone

Another classic guide by DuPalone. The previous guide was a model of brevity and insight, and this book is even more so: "Divorce, then get A Man's Guide to Girlfriends" (page 1 of 1). The pages are extra absorbent for mopping up beer spills.

A Man's Guide to Alimony

by Mike Liens Wilsungu, LLB

Despite the similarity in the titles, this is not by our favourite author DuPalone. Instead, this is a 300-page monster written by some stupid lawyer claiming to have some sort of expertise on the subject. Damn it, if a message can't be compacted into a scrolling marquee along the bottom of a football game broadcast that can easily be ignored while watching the game, then it just isn't worth knowing. You want alimony advice? Move to Mexico — you can get great legal advice there. This book is good for one thing, however: due to its sturdy construction, if you aimed carefully and dropped it off a 3rd storey balcony, your alimony troubles might be flattened.

Great Beers of Our Generation

by Ibn Dor-Inquin

A delightful yarn of indulging in a delicious malt beverage of various brands in various places. The back has a picture of the author drinking a stein while hand-gliding. I had a "great beers of my generation" myself, and drank a 12-pack instead of reading the book. The next morning there was vomit between pages 34 through 102. On another unrelated note, if you are interested in reading this book, I have a "practically new" copy that I am willing to sell for cheap.

Do It — Just 'Cause it's Fuckin' Awesome

by Wyarnt Yodediette

What an uplifting, and inspiring book. The inside cover features a picture of a guy smashing a beer bottle over his own head. Why? Just 'cause it's fuckin' awesome, that's why! On the back cover there's a picture of a guy biting a doberman while the doberman is biting him — just 'cause it's fuckin' awesome. Upon seeing these two pictures, I promptly covered the book in A1 Steak sauce and ate it — just 'cause it's fuckin' awesome.

That's enough of that shit, my fingers were meant for two things: channel surfing and your mom — not typing. I need a beer and some sports. If you've got time, buy some of these books — or don't, I don't care. Until next time, stay literatthitterlitterfuckit reading stuff.

— John McLeod

Nair for Men: Just Lather, No Balls

Smooth is the new black. Being man-pretty today demands more attention to detail and more dedication to style than ever before. For now, being hairless is in. The ladies love a man who's got two eyebrows, a shaven face, smooth back and a chiselled bald chest. It's a fact. But being truly manly and dedicating one's self to the cause means going that extra mile. Yes, I'm talking smooth balls.

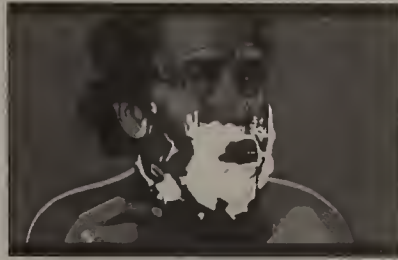
Today's modern chicks dig guys with a follicly-challenged scrotum. So what's a guy to do? It seems impractical to take a Mach 3 to your junk. Not so much impractical as it is totally dangerous. You cut yourself once, it cuts you three times. No one needs a parallel scar on his nads.

What about using your dad's old moustache trimmer? This is a practical alternative. When used carefully, you can get a pretty close shave in minutes. And when you couple the joke value of watching your dad trim his beard with the same device, electric shavers are indeed

a good way to cut the grass and get a good laugh.

Modern science, however, has brought forth a next generation in male hair removal. Nair, the combination eyebrow-leg-and-pube-remover for women has recently released a product exclusively for men. Yes, now men too can rub-on and rub off unsightly body hair.

When I heard of this I was excited. Finally, no more bleeding balls for the sake of beauty. The day Nair for men came out I was there, ready to get my bottle and enter the future of male hair removal. Until I read the directions.



— Aaron Peever

"Do not use on perianal or genital area." Those words were like tiny razorblades cutting at my sac. How can a hair removal product exclusively for men not be equipped for use on the balls?

I wasn't discouraged just yet. I was certain that the warning was just some legal jargon to protect their own balls in case of mishap, and that the product not only could be used on my balls, but it would work like a charm.

The warning was sound.

The instant the cream touched my nads, it was like the apocalypse was taking place suspended from between my legs. To say it burned would be an understatement. But that's not the worst of it. In addition to the burning, there was extensive shrivelling that has not yet subsided. My balls are beyond wrinkled. They are, however, hairless and dammit, they look good.

The Faith Union of Carlson-Krause-Varsity Report: Believing In Something Is Good

Is something missing from your life? Statistically, it is most likely a side effect of your hangover.

You didn't drink last night? Why not? Because it isn't Friday? Alright, we'll discuss this in a different article...

If you feel empty inside and you're not hungry, it's probably because you need something to believe in. But before you take the plunge and commit to believing in something, the Faith Union of Carlson-Krause-Varsity has a few "belie-lite" options you might want to try out:

1. Alcoholism

Weren't we just talking about this? Anyway, inebriation, I'm tellin' ya, way of life! Average people become good looking. Good looking people become talkative (in that they begin to actually talk to you). Sure, you feel bad in the morning, and in classes, you might not be able to concentra... Hey barkeep!

Another pint of ol' Jack D. on the rocks! Now, where were we...

2. The One Night Stand

No commitment! No hassle! No calling back! Not a great chance of disease transmission! This is what you know you've been waiting for! See Classifieds for more details. (This system of beliefs has been shown to be generally incompatible, for workload reasons, with the followers of ECE and NΨ.)

3. Pastafarianism

Nourishing, delicious, and cheaper than truck food! What other belief combines a Flying Spaghetti Monster and pirates! That's right! Just this one!

4. The Cult of NΨ

This is perhaps the most extreme, demanding, and accordingly, sycophantic

creed out there. Far too often have social and athletic lives been sacrificed at the NΨ altar.

Only a fraction of the early believers survive, those in which the NΨ runs strongest. The favorite cult past-times are solving differential equations, sleep deprivation, and, at least in those that have believed for less than a year, deep sleep.

NΨ's Number One informs us that some of the followers have harnessed their latent psychic abilities to finish projects before they are assigned and rescue small animals from wells and rooftops.

Further investigation has been suspended after a researcher from the Faith Union of Carlson-Krause-Varsity spontaneously levitated.

— Ricky Fustav

P. I. Jane

BECOMING A MAN IN A WOMAN'S WORLD

By EYE JANE



I donned one of my fake mustaches that I keep for strange occasions like this—when I'm doing undercover work, you go through them like diarrhea medication after thanksgiving—and started at the strip club. Men and stripping go together like white on rice and I wanted to be like rice on them.

Because it was before noon, the men were few and the ladies were plenty. I liked all the attention they gave me. One girl said my mustache tickled and so I took it off. She smiled at me and the bouncer showed me the door where I saw the sign: No removable mustaches.

They're an elitist bunch, these men are. Naturally grown facial hair seems to be the only way they operate. I make a note in my book.

Unfortunately, I have lost my mustache (what did I say about always being prepared?) and the women aren't being

responsive. "You don't have a mustache. How can I believe that you are a man?"

This question puzzled me. Were men defined by their abundance of facial hair? Maybe that was the lynch pin in their whole operation. The glue that kept us apart: facial hair.

I looked in my notebook again and put a check mark next to my first note. Definitely the difference. Men weren't men unless they had facial hair.

What else do men do? I ponder this question. What I should do is get a girlfriend and then cheat on her. That's very manly.

It was a done deal. Now to process that credit card.

— Lena Schuck

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The closet where you hide your blow-up doll of Janet Reno that you think I don't know about but I actually do, you sick freak. I mean, what kind of air mattress has boobs and a removable dress suit?



The wrapper from that condom you used to sex up that skank you cheated on me with. Dude. That was two weeks ago. Are you ever going to throw that away?



In the name of science the Toike went looking for the epitome of all that is man in room form, after previously unsuccessful attempts to find all that is man in human form.

This is the best we could find since real men don't have rooms, they have crap factories and booty pavilions. My ex was the only male in a 10 kilometre radius that didn't have a restraining order on me, but just to be safe I broke in while he was in the shower. It's all in the name of science....

his sty

The bed that made me fall in love with you. Every time I see Spiderman bedsheets with permanent chocolate stains, I shed a tear thinking of you.

I see you've been making balloon animals without me.

Your only copy of the Limited Edition Christmas issue that featured your sister. It's great how supportive you are, but this might be borderline creepy.



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for submission details

TOKE OIKE PRESENTS...

The Scale of Manliness

The ideal man is tall, assertive, virile, and beholden to finding out the outcome of any number of professional sporting matches at any given time. He is known as the "Alpha" male. Patterns of behaviour include hurting people, fornicating things. His intelligence is low yet is inversely proportional to his sex appeal for females (and around 1/10 of other males). Examples include Matthew McConaughey and many mem-

bers of the Republican Party. But did you know that there is a kind of guy for every letter in the Greek alphabet? The Toke Oike thus invites you to take a gander at a few of the different types of guys humbly filling the ranks below the notorious Alpha-Male.

- James Nairne

GUY	PATTERNS OF BEHAVIOUR	INTELLIGENCE	EXAMPLES
Beta Male	Talking loudly at urinals. Driving cars with decals at excessive speeds. Exaggerating poker expertise. Frequently overcooks steak in summer.	Betas can always figure out the ending to a blockbuster movie.	Jose Canseco, Gov. Schwarzenegger, guys who drive Tahoes.
Kappa Male	Regretting not instiguing conversations with members of the opposite sex. Recycling jokes from decade-old Seinfeld episodes.	Kappas dominate Law School waiting list.	Jack Layton, former Police frontman Sting, dudes in Eddie Bauer.
Pi Male	Replays Gamecube victories in-head when confronted with daily round of minor humiliations. Rarely cries in public. Petitioned all marks ever received.	Pis occupy most of the world's corner offices.	David Suzuki, musician Kenny G, Jean Chretien.
Tau Male	Chronic nail inspection. Avowed interest in social causes. Dedicated vegetarian. Will under no circumstances ever wear polyester.	Taus are extremely intelligent but weird-out potential employers with Julia Roberts infatuation.	Guys in hybrid cars, that effete male receptionist at your doctor's office, David Cronenberg.

'Yours, Mine and Ours' part of population control strategy

Introduction, explain both idea and plan briefly

Hollywood was shaken yesterday when it was revealed that the recent motion picture "Yours, Mine and Ours" was part of a new population control program. Information issued to the press indicates that the movie was created to a hybrid "Absolute Dumbest Movie of All Time", so that those who paid to see it could be identified as uselessly stupid and sterilized.

Director talks, merging all the worst, lost some good people

Project Director Hans Gruber described the process of creating the movie. "We set out with a clear objective," he stated, "We would combine all the very worst elements of a 'Oh they're a couple and they're so different' comedy, a 'Crazy hijinks because of a lot of kids' comedy, and a 'The kids' hilarious

antics trying to manipulate their parents' comedy. Please understand that I only use the word 'comedy' here to describe how the movie is labeled, not to imply that the movie is in any way funny." He believes that that part of the project was a complete success "I don't think anyone who sees the trailer can doubt that we've created one of the worst movies of all time."

The trailer itself is a carefully constructed screener. Much as poisonous insects will warn others of danger with black and yellow stripes, the trailer warns all who see it of the sheer atrocity of the movie by containing absolutely no humour of any kind and taking a full five minutes to tell a story that should take one sentence. "We wanted to make sure no one intelligent went to the movie by accident," explains Hans. "We had to be positive that anybody with even a single working neuron would hate the movie after seeing the trailer. I think I

can say we succeeded."

Those who do see the movie will be secretly tagged and painlessly sterilized. "We bear these people no ill-will," says Gruber. "They have done no harm, they have not broken any law, there are just terribly, terribly stupid people who should in no way be allowed to inflict their genes or themselves on another generation."

Those who buy the DVD will be dealt with more harshly. "They will be shot. Immediately. Someone who goes to this in the cinema is just a near-medical grade idiot, but someone who sees this film and thinks 'Oh my God, I must own that movie so that I can see it at any time' is a danger to themselves and to others and must be removed from society as quickly as possible."

- Luke McKinney

On Slacking

The academic standards and competitive spirit at the University of Toronto seem to promote keenness in some misguided individuals. You can smell it off them. Eager. Unbathed. Soul-less. Worse still, their work ethic seems to bound you like a nagging mother, shaming you for your laziness. Admittedly, there comes a time when a task becomes unavoidable. Those who ignore these tasks become failures, who are separated by a fine line from slackers. The true slacker can excel with mystical powers beyond even the most robotic of students. They can harness the energy of procrastination and direct it like a spitball, aimed at the eye of keepers everywhere. Slacking is not a theory, it is a way of life. These principles are crucial to harness your own inner lazy bastard:

Universal conservation of energy
With every task there is a mandatory amount of slacking time that must precede a task in order to make up for doing the said task. The more difficult the

task, the more slacking you will need to do first. This is recognized by the engineering curriculum itself, and has even been incorporated into the venerable Gantt Chart (Dieter, 2000).

Actual and committed work

A procrastinator is utterly honest, and, truth be told, to schedule work for yourself ahead of time is an utter act of fantasy. The actual work you do should be inversely proportional to the amount of work you've committed. Don't bother shooting for the stars; it's enough that you don't shoot over the toilet rim.

Competition

Marks and performance are utterly relative measures. We invoke Game Theory to posit that the best strategy for all parties involved in a lose-lose situation is to (un)work for the benefit of each other. Hence one should seek the lowest possible mark for everyone's sake. A simple rule could enforce this. Look to the person on your left. Look to the person on your right. Combined,

your lecture attendance should not exceed 50%.

Homework

Homework is like centrifugal force and unicorns. It keeps together one's delusional and simple little world, but it really doesn't hold up to the rigorous test of laziness. This test will eliminate all unnecessary work in your life with one question: "is it marked?"

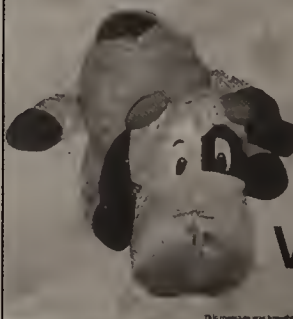
The great apparent contradiction of slacking is that if you're still behind the keepers, it's not because you're too lazy; it's because you're not lazy enough. Follow the Way of Least Action and you will be rewarded.

Note: The creation of the article itself may seem to contradict its principles, but we sent it in late to offset this.

- Chen Chen and Justin Shum

Got beef with high taxes?

Cow wants to cut taxes for low income families.



This message was brought to you by the Cow Party.

Vote Cow

Man Styles for the Winter

WITH CARL BRADSHAW

1. Bear Underwear

This sexy number by Calvin Klein will keep both the cold and male rivals away with its tough, manly odour of rotten bear flesh - comes free with the underwear. The trick is that you have to kill the bear yourself. Available at Sears for \$29.99



3. Turtle neck: made from real panther

This snappy little turtle comes straight from the Burmese jungle. The airtight freeze-dry packaging of the panther preserves the freshness until you take it out of its novelty cage, free with the sweater. \$49.99 from GAP.

4. Full Metal Jacket

Show your dissent towards the hypocritical militaristic repression of law and morality that is the expansionary American colonialist war for oil by bringing the battle home. This sleek metal jacket is made from a titanium-carbon alloy, weaved into a fabric that not only stops bullets, but also protects you from having to face the fact that you're too fat to be a real army boy. I, surrender, soldier! \$129.99 from Guess?

- Anton Bassel

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Manly Conduct in Social Situations



It's always like this: so you're at this party, right? Having a good time, getting a drink on, and going over just one problem set in the back of your head. Then one of these types shows up and for some reason starts trying to make conversation with you. What do you do?

Well, to start, know who you're dealing with:

1. The Vegan

The Vegan is a curious creature. Considering their population's low survival rates, no doubt a consequence of the lack of animals and animal products in their diet, the Vegans are classified as a protected species by the Toike Environmental Protection Agency.

Unfortunately, the vegans do not seem to realize the precarious situation of their kind. In fact, even with their current numbers at an all-time low, they continue to pester species that are physically larger and more successful in reproduction, such as a rugby player, to join the vegan cause.

Melancholic, of weak physical constitution, and prone to sniff and sob, the Emo is everything being manly isn't.

At any given social event, the Emo is usually limited to standing in corners alone and being depressed. Tragically, when alcohol is thrown into the mix, the Emo comes out of its structurally unsound emotional shell and initiates its wibing sequence.

Some of the features of this might include talking about obscure, "but how can you not know them" bands from Oregon, Milwaukee, or the Düsseldorf emotecore scene, talking about depression, how one feels when depressed, and general darkness.

The weak emotional and physical state of the average Emo makes dealing with them a form of entertainment. Inquire about their latent virginity. Ask them whether their greasy hair and tight clothes impede basic life functions.

Finally, consider asking them whether they think that some Emos are committing Barry Bonds-type offenses by taking depressants to get more out of

the Emo lifestyle.

3. The Goth

If you are approached by a member of any Goth subspecies, it's probably because the darkness of your soul is showing.

So, zip up, put away anything resembling razor blades, studded collars, or surplus military supplies, change into coloured clothing (even grays and pastels will do) and thus render yourself invisible (or conformist) in the eyes of this "Mr. Deep and Dark, I listen to shitty industrial music and pretend to like Victorian poetry" drain on sweet, sweet consumerism.

4. The Social Activist

If you hear something about rising up against the 'corporate machine' and battling free trade, globalization, and unrestrained capitalism, the high-pitched, nasal, nearly castrato voice behind these revolutionary proclamations likely belongs to an ASS, or Activist of the Social Sphere.

The Social Activist's potential to ruin parties ranges from the benign "Consumer Whore" verbal assault to the "Random Photocopied Images from Unknown 3rd World Dictatorship" technique.

5. The Hippie Stoner

Often the Social Activist's sidekick, the Stoner follows them around mostly for the benefit of the occasional toke. The relationship has proved to be of the symbiotic variety, as the Stoner tends to contribute the occasional drawn-out "Yeah..." and "Fight da power!" between pauses in the rant an ASS typically produces. This creates the illusion that someone actually cares and makes the

Social Activist feel all warm and "fairly-traded-llama-wool"-fuzzy inside.

Fortunately, the Stoner also bears an innate affinity for chips, nachos and other nourishment from the "munchies" food group. This causes them to leave the ASS in order to raid the snack table, weakening the influence of the statements made by the latter.

Most of these problems are like sports injuries and door-to-door salespeople: ignore them and they'll go away on their own.

For the occasional keener vegan, try eating a cold cuts sandwich in front of them, preferably containing heavily seasoned, smoked pork products (you wouldn't believe how much cruelty salami and Ribwich production involves).

Between each succulent, flavour-filled bite, utter something along the lines of "m-m-m, they must be using younger and younger calves for this, so-o-o-o-tender!"

As for the Social Activist, it is usually the best idea to neutralize them immediately by proclaiming your support for Republicans, repeatedly screaming "FREE TIBET" in their ear, and replying to all their statements with "F*CK [Insert Social Activist's Cause Here], MAKE MONEY!!!".

Once they leave, you're free to go back to the usual: drinking, getting inebriated, hammered, and doing phone sets / your best friend's mom.

- Ernie Nineiron

MANLY WAYS TO DIE

1. Drowning in Porn
2. Catching on fire from masturbating furiously
3. Fly fishing for sharks
4. Shaving with a chainsaw
5. Eating meat from behind the fridge
6. Refusing to wash your hands - ever
7. Waving a golf club during a lightning storm while wearing a "Zeus Sucks" t-shirt
8. Red Bull overdose
9. Dying of a heart attack while sitting for days on a couch, watching hockey, and eating buckets of fried chicken
10. Heart failure after being trapped in a room with a nymphomaniac cheerleading team

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Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

I am sorry to have to tell you this, Sagi, but Karma is real. I guess you shouldn't have made fun of your friend when he told you about his berpes.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Most of the things that have gone wrong in your life have occurred because you touch yourself at night.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

All of the riches in the world, the greatest adventure ever had, writing the great American novel, finding your one true love and staying with them forever and ever, in love until the end of time; these things could be yours for the low, low price of giving me head.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Your girlfriend is still angry about the time that you refused to 'make love' to her unless she dressed up like a clown. Let's just say that this week you may find yourself on the 'Steamer' to Cleveland.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

This Thursday you will finally get to realize your long-time dream of sky-diving. It's really quite sad, though, that you won't listen to your gut instinct and double check the parachute that the evil garden gnome packed. I guess we all knew he'd get you eventually, but why today? Why today, indeed.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Oh shit! I knew I fucked up somewhere. Aries, you're fine to make the

jump. Taurus, what can I say? The garden gnome has a deep seeded dislike for you. Watch your back, man, watch your back.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

This coming Friday you will find yourself stuck in traffic. Upon hearing the TLC song 'Unpretty' on radio, you will realize many things about yourself that you hadn't previously seen. I agree. You might as well end it now, I mean, things aren't going to get any better.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Be wary the next time you go for a spin in your car. Don't tell me you've forgotten about the time you testified against that Mafia Don. Sometimes the witness protection program doesn't even try.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

Your dreams of following in the footsteps of your father will come crashing down around you when you realize that he has failed at everything he has tried.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

The term 'Knee deep in shit,' will take on new meaning for you next Wednesday. Watch out for holes.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

Try to take quitting smoking seriously this week, Libra. No, really, your teeth are offensively yellow.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)

They say that clothes maketh the man. Either you are a woman, or something has gone terribly wrong.

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Good Idea

Mentoring a Young Boy

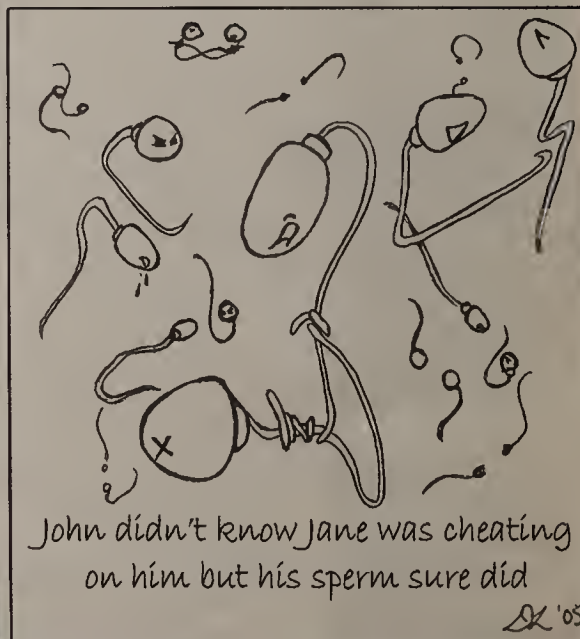


Bad Idea

Mamwhoring a Young Boy



This has been another Good Idea / Bad Idea



OK '05

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

BACKUP needed to infiltrate terrorist compound and take out the bad guys. Screw protocol, I'll do it myself. Call Jack Bauer 555 - 2424.

JUGGLER needed to play with my halls at kid's 5th birthday party. Call Santa, 1-800-555-8776.

SALAD TOSSEY. Looking for males, 18-24, skinny. Exp. in being prison bitch an asset. Luke, 555-7441.

FEMALES. Planning orgy, 32 352 684 males RSVPd, no females as of yet... what gives? Enrico, 643-4324

MERCH WANTED

WATER. Ordinary, pure, clean water. Just plain old water. H2O. The stuff in rain. Normal water... laced with LSD. 555-3492

EMPTY RECYCLE BIN. We have a certain Toike editor we need to put into storage until the new year. Call Nick and John, 555-2418

TOTAL RECALL. Must include woman with three breasts. Deano, 555-4542.

CUTE BUNNIES. My gf loves those Telus commercials, so I want to make her some bunny steaks for Xmas. 555-4630

FIREBOLT SROOMSTICK. To help the lady sweep the floors faster - even I'm disgusted with how long it takes her to clean the mud I bring in every day. 555-9653

SODOMY column. Needed to stick in Mei's... classifieds. Call Nick 555-0394

MERCH FOR SALE

KNEE PADS. Great for sports and improving your fluids marks. Call Richie "Dickie" Mills, 555-8100.

POTATO SACK. Use it for carrying potatoes or for sacking unsuspecting blondes. Call Dan 555 - 1020

MUZZLE. Keeps Pete from cursing at EngSoc meetings. Eamon, 555-3408.

EVIL MONKEY from my closet. The sad part is he wasn't always evil. Call Chris 555 - 2934

BREAKUP EMAIL. Avoid all tears and human compassion; dump her with an email! 555-5574.

DELIGHTFUL pleasures of the mind. Visit www.tubgirl.com.

DISCRETE EARPLUGS, flesh coloured. Helps you "listen" to her talk about her day. 674-3251

SYPHILIS. The real gift that keeps on giving. 555-9648

TACHYONS. Be the first on your block to have your very own faster-than-light particle! Bring a net, they're tough to catch though. 614-5328

QUANTUM COMPUTER. Simple black box design, easy to operate. Simply ask a question, and the answer appears inside the box. But don't look in the box! That would change the answer. 612-6439

HIPPOGRIFF. Magical beast, half horse, half eagle-thingy. Mostly dead and bloody, starting to smell. Great for kids! 643-2530

LOVE. The more you give away, the more you have. Perfect holiday gift! 532-4325

COMICS

ROBARTOPIA

BY EDDY "THE SAUCE" ABRAHAM AND CAM "0#5%&1" YATES

Through me the way is to the city dolent; Through me the way is to eternal dole; Through me the way among the people lost. -- Dante

THE METEOR MAGNET

Sire! Its effects are...

Let's test her!

SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS

Mon Dieu... unpredictable

WEAPONIZED ONION PROGRAM

Thus far we can make subjects cry like angry pre-teens!

Excellent! Inform me when you reach toddler-with-a-booboo... Now then... What is this?

Hurry Sire, we must tour the defenses!

Must we? This is so very tedious!

Yes, Sire.

But Why?!

Costner! ... yes -- What do the girls have cooking in the weapons lab?

Lack of viable plot, my liege. As you'll recall, Costner remains a threat

HORROR!! SUSPENSE!! WILL THE CN TOWER FALL? WHAT WILL BECOME OF MOLTAR AND FREON? FIND OUT NEXT TIME IN A VERY SPECIAL ROBARTOPIA.

04 **MONSIEUR PINKS** Gorgeous drawings and amazing drawings by HS

Are those real?

SLAP!

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

WELL PROPORTIONED SYMMETRY.

EVERYONE'S SPECIAL QUALITIES.

OVER RATED.

BIKINI BEACH BASH.

IT'S WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE.

BIG

PAYL TO THE HEAD.

ISSUE 57: VOLUPTUA IS FORCED TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE IN HER UNDERWEAR

ME.

Daniel Hault 2005

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It's completely confidential, no one will ever need know....
Just listen to what our client, William H. Hufferdan, has to say!

"Not that I know, or anything... cause I don't, but this place offers support to guys who might have problems with, you know, guy stuff.

I, uh... knew a guy who went in for some help with trouble he was having... in bed, or something. They helped him out, gave him... uh, pills or whatever. Stuff I wouldn't need. He said it helped him out.

Plus it's all confidential, so no one would know if you went to see them for help... not that you really need to. I don't. That's for sure. So yeah, check them out if you have guy problems. I'd recommend this place, but I've never been, you know? Never."

Everyman Men's Clinic

- Confidential - Friendly - Not Embarrassing -

